

EMIGRE

THE MAGAZINE THAT IGNORES BOUNDARIES

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EMIGRE

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HARD KNOCKS

POETRY By Marc Susan



The Poet is like the prince of the clouds
Who hovers the tempest,
And mocks the archer's shooting bolts;
Filled an earth under the shooting crowds,

He cannot walk, with the
Ghosts' wings he soars.

From Charles-Pierre Baudelaire's poem "Le Rêveur".
Translated from the French by Marc Susan.

Los Angeles, you swallow up
nearly all the southwest's water;
nearly all its available air and light,
so you must give everything back enthusiastically

in story and song.

From Louis MacNeice's poem "Things".

I know it was time to leave The Netherlands, my native country, when the best poets were starting to get white hair and the younger ones were shouting obscenities on stage or putting bad jokes into rhyme. That was in 1977. After that I lived in France and Greece, and for the past five years I have been a "resident alien" of California.

At first I thought that the curious disintegration of the art of poetry in the '70s and '80s was particular to Holland, or maybe even to Europe. But after living for some time in San Francisco (once, in the '80s, headquarters of poets and writers of the "Beat Generation"), I discovered that even that poet's Mecca has lost its mystique. At Lawrence Ferlinghetti's famous City Lights bookstore, for example, poetry publications are few with exceptions banned to a gloomy corner of the basement where hardly anybody ever goes.

The reason for this ongoing phenomenon is obvious. Poetry has been pretty absorbed by rock music, and its public role has been diminished by vastly increased visual information of all kinds available through television, video, and computer.

Evidence that not only poetry, but now also literature, is consequently being thrown out the back door is everywhere. For the past year I have lived in Los Angeles, and in that short period of time some of the last literary bookstores have closed down. The George Sand bookstore on Melrose Avenue, where owner Charlotte Gossy organizes poetry readings and still cares about the poets and writers she represents, is one of the last rare exemplars of a "vanishing breed." Meanwhile, new video-rental and computer stores have recently opened on almost every second corner of Santa Monica and Wilshire Boulevards. It's too late now for accusations, and it doesn't make sense to dwell on what was lost — we all took part in it. But it's up to us poets now to adapt our skills to the changing times and make poetry function in the public minded once again.

Sente Mexico
October 1984

More poems
in Santa Monica,
1984.
Photograph by
Rudy Vandervelt.





(English)

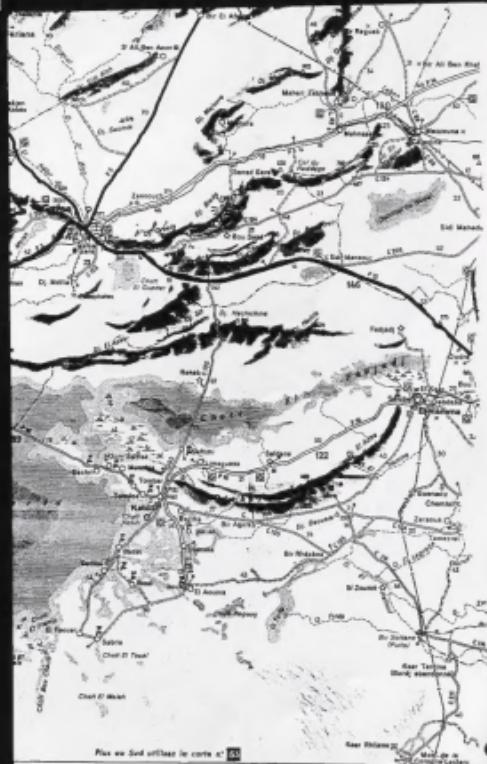
Tunisia: between Tozeur and Nefta.

On the white and
Infinite beach
I pursue the mirage
of a forbidden smile,
Even
In a sandstorm
I hear the waves crashing,
But
O, daughters of the Sahara
Where is the sea
Between Tozeur and Nefta ?

(French)

Le Tunis: entre Tozeur et Nefta.

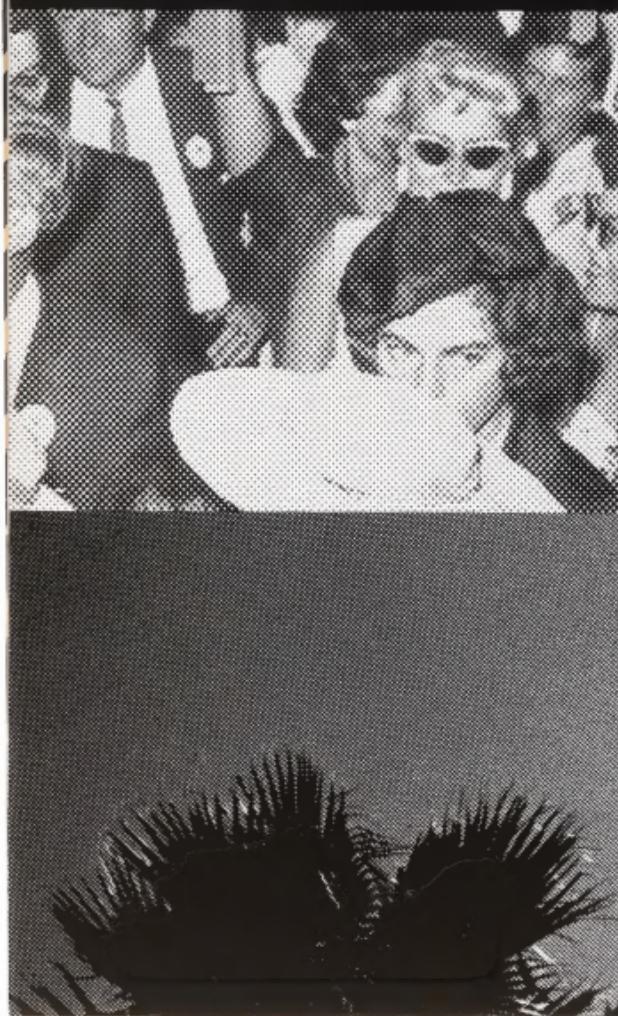
Sur la plage infinie
Blanche et sans vie
Je poursuis le mirage
d'Un sourire interdit,
Même
Dans un vent de sable
J'écoute le bruit des vagues,
Mais
O, filles du Sahara
Où est la mer
Entre Tozeur et Nefta ?



(English)

Traveling.

Sometimes I feel
To some godforsak
Then I see a flow
Or I'am standing
At the track
My train comes
And I turn my b



(Dutch)

Reizen.

Soms wil ik o
Van godverlat
Dan opeens zi
of ik sta op
M'n trein ko
En ik keer

like traveling

en place

over patch

in

sack

o reis

en ergens

le ik 'n bloemenveldje

't perron

komt aan

om



(Fijian)

Moku Siga e Viti

Yanuyanu katakata
Wasawasa batabata
Iteitei suasua
Itukutuku lailai

(English)

Killing Time in Fiji

Hot island
Cool ocean
Wet garden
Little news



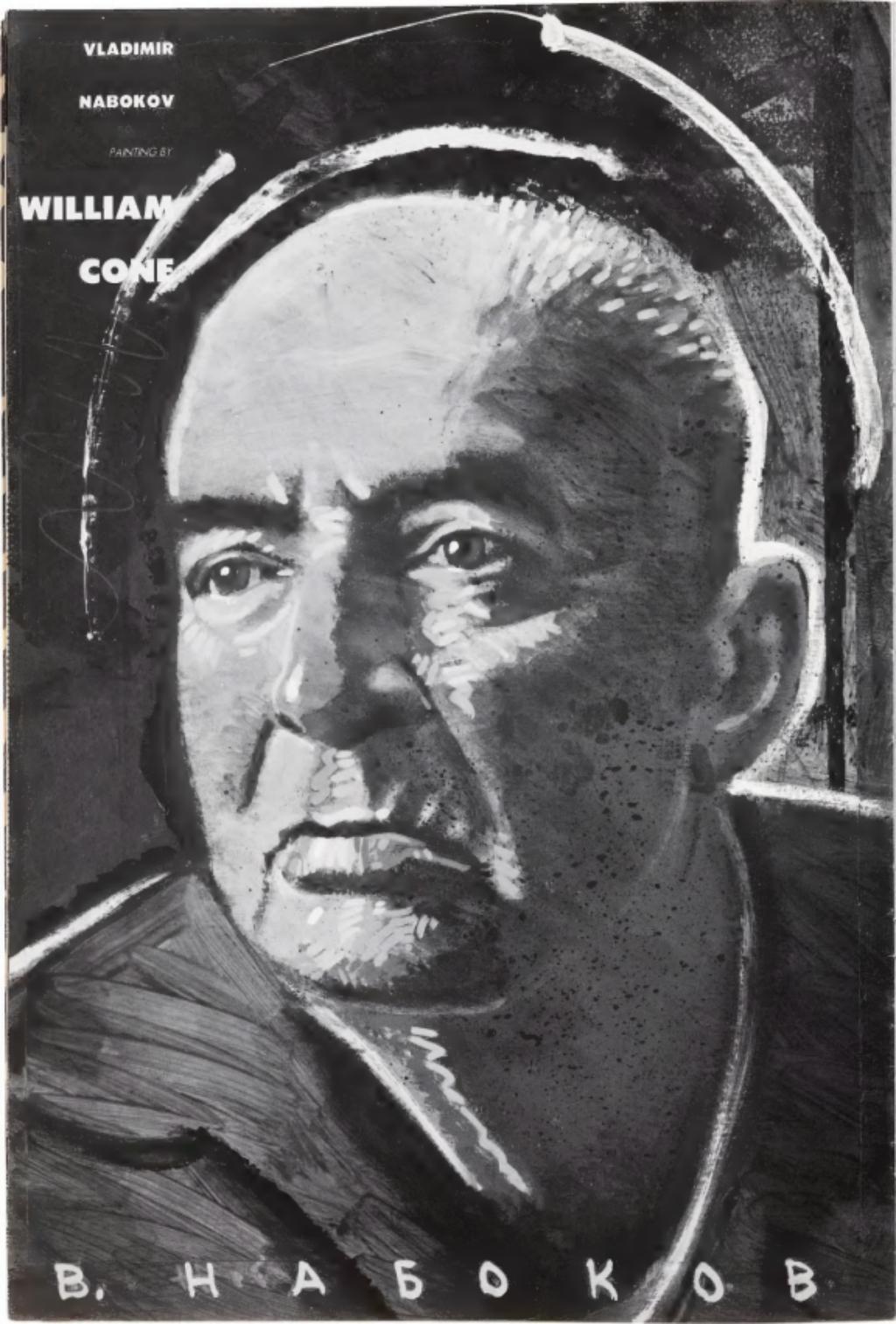
Poetry has been pretty much absorbed by rock music, and its public role has been diminished by vastly increased visual information of all kinds available through television, video and computers.

VLADIMIR

NABOKOV

PAINTING BY

WILLIAM
CONE



В. НАБОКОВ

grandma and grandpa are downstairs in the basement watching the news, i can hear grandma coughing in his loud way, grandma is speaking in russian to him, with the hard and sharp syllables that burn in her mouth, her severe face provides the punctuation that my grandfather tries to ignore, his massive head barely nods, eyes fixed on the television screen, the news is about russian naval craft carrying nuclear missiles very close to american shores.

i spy upon them from the recesses of the stairwell leading upstairs, they are talking about me, they only talk about me in russian, this is so i will not understand what they are saying, i heed the language that is used to keep me in ignorance, i gave up caring about what they say some time ago, it is ironic that they speak of me in russian, grandma and grandpa are almost as ashamed of being russian as they are of me.

i clamber up the stairs to the second floor, it is bare, devoid of chair and couches, my grandmother likes it that way, she says it's easier to keep the house clean when there is little or no furniture, her room is filled with the smell of turpentine and oil paints, the walls are covered with charcoal sketches of everyone but me and my grandfather, i remember one night when i ran up the driveway and looked in my grandmother's window, she was almost motionless, save for her left hand making a sketch of my mother who was sitting nude on the floor, their faces were serious, as if they saw nothing else in the world but each other, i crept away, not wanting to disturb them, in the morning, when i woke up, my mother was gone.

my grandfather's room is next to the painting room, he sleeps downstairs though, next to the big boiler, it's warmer there for him and he doesn't have to climb the stairs, grandpa has worked in railroad yards for thirty-eight years, when i come of age, i will refuse to work, i don't want to fall apart and complain like a grandfather.

the first snow of winter fell today, by the time the evening news came on, i could see we were going to have a blizzard, the schools will be closed, i don't mind school because i like to

RITES OF LIMBO

read, but the kids suck, most of them are catholics and catholics make me feel ugly inside.

the other day a bunch of us were hoaging out at recess, everyone was talking about receiving communion, i knew nothing of this and said so, no one said a word, mark calace asked me if i had been baptised, i didn't understand the word so i guessed it had never happened to me, i said this and linda cummings turned real pale, she said i was going to limbo.

i went home and found a picture of limbo in a time magazine my grandfather had, it was a photograph of a painting made in the 1500's, that night i had a bad nightmare, the river of life washed over my body, talking in trickles, warning me in my sleep that limbo was outside my door, ready to punish me with god, i do not like god, grandpa says my attitude is atheist but i don't know what he's talking about.

hizzetts, they are magical to me, and tonight's snowfall is wild, it draws me close to the window, i want to reach for it.

but first i've got to close the bedroom door and lock it so no one will disturb me, i feel strange, the same way i did when the rainstorm struck last week, i was alone in the house, it was growing dark and i turned on the lights, instead of the lights going on, the house plunged into blackness, all of a sudden, a flash of light came switching out of the walls, from the room, from inside me, i screamed, hearing a bundle of voices tugging at me, pulling me down, after awhile, i found myself laying on the floor, listening to the sounds of the refrigerator being stuffed with food, my grandparents had come home from the supermarket.

i have locked the door, my head has a pressure building up from within, the snowstorm is wracking the trees outside, i can hear them sobbing, but i must take off my clothes, i take them off with the familiar urge i experience when i walk the streets of our neighborhood and see all the deserted houses i want to break into.

i rip my shirt and pants off as fast as i can, words are pouring out of my mouth, foreign, swollen noises that bang at the window in their need to escape, i open the window, the wind and the cold claw their way into my room, i am naked, except for my shiny black shoes and worn out socks, i stand on a chair and push myself onto the window sill, i sit there, the

snowflakes flogging me, below is a concrete patio and beyond that is the deep tangle of a ravine, the ravine drops away from our house very quickly, leading into the woods.

i wonder if i should jump, almost sexually, i want to leap into that ravine, i struggle to resist the temptation but i am weak, too weak to resist my need, the window sill cuts into my skin, filling up the hollows of my confusion, making me conscious of the chill for the first time in what seems to be years, i am older now, older than i was ten minutes ago, and because of this, my hunger to fly is shot with reluctance, . . . slowly, with deliberation, i climb out of the window and return to the room itself.

the winter brings snow, i always want to reach it, i will try not to but i don't know if i can, i really want to hurl myself out of the waiting room of my life towards something far, away, these moments must be what the catholics call limbo.

BY

Lewis Mac Adams
Kristine McKenna
Andrei Tolozskov
Marc Busen
Peter Plate

A special reading on the occasion of EMIGRE 3
at George Sand Books
Sunday February 24, 1985, 4:30 p.m.
Free to the public.

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CALIFORNIA

GOES DUTCH

Contemporary writing by Dutch artists residing in California

Hank Kienstra
John van der Kooij
MAXXI
Rudy Vanderlans

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February 10 - March 24, 1985

Jack K E R O U A C

for Melville Pictures
What Happened to Kerouac
Co-produced by Lewis MacAdams
and Malcolm Heron

WILLIAM BUCKLEY'S FIREHOSE LINE 1949. WILLIAM BUCKLEY, JR.
ED RABINS • DAIRY YACOBOWSKI, BODICLIOLOGY • JACK KEROUAC

WILLIAM BUCKLEY (Laughter) Give that man a drink. Now Jack - Mister Kerouac - what I want to ask is this: To what extent do you believe that the Beat Generation is related to the Hippies? What do they have in common? Was this an evolution from one to the other? JACK KEROUAC This is the older ones, you see. I'm forty six years old. These kids are eighteen; but it's the same movement, which is apparently some kind of Dionysian Movement in late civilization. And which I did not intend any more than, I suppose, Dionysus did. Although I'm not Dionysus to your Areopagite . . . I should have been. WILLIAM BUCKLEY Yeah, that's a point, yeah. JACK KEROUAC No. It's a movement that's supposed to be licentious. But it isn't really. WILLIAM BUCKLEY Well now, licentious in what respect? JACK KEROUAC The Hippies are good kids. They're better than the Beats. You see, Ginsberg and I - well Ginsberg - anyway, we're forty. We're all in our forties, and we started this. And the kids took it up and everything; but a lot of hoods, hoodlums and Communists jumped on our backs . . . well, my back - not Ginsberg's. Ferlinghetti jumped on my back and turned the ideas that I had - that the Beat Generation was a generation of beatitude and pleasure in life and tenderness. But they called it in the papers the "Beat Mutiny," the "Beat Insurrection," words I never used. Being a Catholic I believe in order, tenderness and piety. WILLIAM BUCKLEY Well, then your point was that it was a meeting rather than a movement, which you conceived as relatively pure, that has become ideologized and misanthropic and generally objectionable . . . JACK KEROUAC A movement that was . . . a movement that was considered what? WILLIAM BUCKLEY Pure. JACK KEROUAC Yes, it was pure. In my heart.

ED RABINS They force you into an incredible position in the world when you want to protest, when you want to make your voice known in a benevolent way. You're pushed and clubbed, you know . . . JACK KEROUAC You make yourself famous by protest. ED RABINS That's not . . . who does? Not me. JACK KEROUAC You. ED RABINS No, I make myself famous by singing smut. JACK KEROUAC I made myself famous by writing songs and lyrics about the beauty of the things I did . . . and ugliness, too. ED RABINS You're a great poet, I'll admit. JACK KEROUAC But you made yourself famous by saying, "Down with this, down with that! Throw eggs at this, throw eggs at that!" ED RABINS I hope not. That's not what I want. JACK KEROUAC Take it with you. I cannot use your abuse. You may have it back.



BYRON





THE VAULTS

by Hans Sluga

The vaults have existed since ancient times and will, I expect, go on existing into the deepest future. Once, the story goes, there were only salt domes in the mountainside outside the city gates. We have all read the poem that begins "I, Zelek the Great, entered the vaults of salt and found the secret vaults of our common humanity." I have been told that under the foundations of the secret chamber the bankers once found human bones and altars covered with human blood.

But that is myth and rumors. The truth is that as long as we can remember the great vaults have filled the salt domes and the secret nuns have re-verberated through their unfathomable depths.

Like all children I grew up not knowing about the vaults. I was not even aware of the existence of those hurried processions at the time of the new moon. One day, when I was sixteen, an older friend whispered a secret that kindled my curiosity. At the next full moon I went to the vaults alone, at night, when the house was finally still. I ran as quickly as I could, threw a cloak over myself to remain undetected, and passed the throng that was leaving the city at midnight.

Soon I saw the dark cliffs before us and by a winding route, I had never noticed we climbed out the canyon full of thicket and boulders. Bounced to one tiny cloak as I tried to keep up with the surging mass. Soon we were in the mysterious gate, already wide open to receive us.

"Man or woman, man or woman," wailed the bony-banked guardian at the gate.

I did not know whether he would let me enter. With a shudder I stepped back into the cool air that had been restricted to offer. And so it was that he recognized me he bent his tall dark shape down to my ear and whispered words that I have now forgotten, pulling

me aside to a small door where I suddenly found myself alone.

In the dark chamber I was told to shove by a voice that came from high above in the hidden vault.

Through windows in the wall the light of candles or lanterns shone dimly, but I could see that when I was pointed aside and sat by attendants who had massed straggly shadowed by their robes.

Now we entered the hall of images. Here I saw

shapes of the stony hauntings drawn in the mist of the vaults, the shapes of the dead, of their mother's womb, of twisted and mysterious madmen, banians in embolus, bodies rising up against a lowering sky, folds of garment clashing in an invisible breeze. There were the strange images of star and sun, even the images of the moon and the star images that I half remembered from dreams. My head began to spin and a peculiar warmth began to spread from the center of my being through all my body. I closed my eyes, fell like leaves, and passed into unconsciousness.

The marble floor of the hall seemed suddenly cold and penetrable and as I carried on in wind my body slipped finally through its surface for so it seemed to me to be a cavity below.

Then at the far end of one of the vaults, the earth seemed to be continuously grating as in a permanent conception or birth. And all of a sudden I found myself together again with the surging crowd, all joined together and purified with bodies of reliving beauty.

Next a whirled acorn in our mid air grew and grew until it became a hurricane of light. Soo the acorn was whirling on air lifting us off our feet through the air to the sun where suddenly we found ourselves, neither man nor woman, apparently whirling in a starcloud of bodies translucent with

heat and desire. My body and organs seemed to melt through the bodies of others around me. For moments I was then, it seemed, and they were me. But at a moment we were separated again, to be fused and separated with other and newer bodies. Once itself was extrapolated, until a subtle birth of the soul was over us and for a moment our granding became one with that from the deep flumes of the earth.

Then we fell back in stillness and the bodies with which we had been born were now being separated again. All seemed over and suddenly a fragrance of the rose of the sea head from beyond a hill.

Before I could man with fire I was lying alone on a couch, covered by my robe. Greatagan attendant to the vaults, a hooded monk, was now holding a torch throwing upon the doors of the room in which I had been hidden. Outside, to my surprise, the morning light was already coloring the edge of the sky.

There was just enough time to slip back to my place in the crowd. But the monk had followed to the vaults and came into the room and my steps have been softly diffuse. But each time I experience that oneness with the surging crowd, that nothing of identity which are really resolved to me that

There are those who want to abolish the vaults altogether. There are also those who want to bring the rites of the vaults into the daylight of the world. Others mention that the greatest power from the earth is that held by the power of Narzund the seducer, who destroys the goodness in human hearts. But all such thoughts are idle and useless.

For the vaults will continue forever and exist everywhere, not just in the memories of our city, but in the silence of every human heart.



PIET MONDRIAN
A.K.A.
MONDRIAN
PAINTING BY
DIANE BEST

LEV NUSSBERG'S MACROPOLIS

Plan for a cybernetic artificial environment "ANTI-MOBUS" for a macrostructure Megapolis of the future (approx. 2010-2030 A.D.). This is plan-scheme of 1/100 of the whole complex, containing 200 km².

The most intense fragment of the plen is shown here.

Author: Leo Huddberg, Moscow, 194

The whole fragment is divided into 13 *cyber-zones*, marked by different letters. In each zone, there are several differently staged abilities or technical means for direct and spontaneous participation of each visitor in changing the situation or game. They are marked by the big numbers, in each case. There is an exit for anyone who wants to leave the cyber environment. Generally, a person can stay there from one hour to one day. The part of the cyber environment contains three general routes which sometimes merge or develop separately.

The editor has almost absolute freedom of choice for participation in the life of the cyber environment.

2 Lake-plot-40 (40 m) among the "dunes" (hurts 10-15 m) and instead yet, artificial "groves" in which there exist artificial trees that bloom with electronic flowers and smell and "breath" with the help of microelectronics, as well as real trees.

3 The lake ends with a sharp elevation and entrance to the hermit. There are 2 cyborgs who "live" in front of the entrance. They interact like intelligent creatures, making contact with visitors.

4 Mountains "volcanos" (height 25 m) is made of blue and black polished materials (yellow steel).

5 Crater (depth 15 m) is increased. At the end of the depths comes sounds and a strong smell. Upon descending, the visitor finds himself in a multi-storied dungeon where stories from the life of ancient Egypt (Milestone century B.C.) are played out in reality, or well as in the mind of the visitor (by a controlled biological computer).

6 The road has different profiles and sections, and serves as a water barrier between the upper level P1 with transparent cold water and the lower level P2 with boiling saline water, and is inflated by controlled valves, cyborgs. The cyborgs sometimes "climb" up the wall.

7 At the end of the half-open tunnel a shore is shaped by means of holography (cold water immediately behind).

8 Reading/transport (with rotary delivery) a visitor to Zone B (fire canopy) and to Zone H through the gas curtain between B and the waterlevel. It is also possible to fly over to the canopy.

9 The canyon is inhabited by "extincted prehistoric" and leads to the pyramid (The Museum of Berlin). Through the tunnel the visitor comes into the canyon and "asphyxiates" - 8 and through another tunnel 9 comes into Zone H.

10 The place for "beating" the special colors for those who do not wish to go through the "fire". 12. Two cyborgs (height 20 m); 13 and 14 transfer people through the cold "fire" Zav = Zav C

M Zone of choice. Enters into the palace of "Spacecock". Exit from the cyber environment. Enters to positive C

Z The transparent palace of musical space. The inner volume and relief of the "wall" can change ("choose" "choose") depending on the visitor's behavior (gesture, gestures, voice, etc.).

15 "Slate" (polymer, ceramic) floor with a volume of 0.000 m²

16 Mirrored descent with change of environment (darkness, cold, vibration and . . . music). Crossing point.

17 Visitor "enters" into the very essence of music (resonation and sound therapy by biophysical means).

18 Since the visitor to the cyber environment wears a special costume, he first from the world of sound with the help of an electromagnetic field into Zone T (a vast valley full of flowers and trees with a Persian knot of granite and brick . . .). The visitor can float at the air, gradually going down, in the spirit of Harmony Beach

R Transparent "drop" (the surface is like a mirror), which the visitor enters from the "breathing" pavilions of music. Above this drop, in space, the visitor can see music performances by means of dynamic holography which can be seen from inside, as well as from outside. Positive for different vibrations (it has certain resonant characteristics, especially smells). Seaweed, bubbles and numerous a lot of real flowers (on the background of white waves on the "screen" the visitor can observe 3-dimensional color pictures of women of various types . . .)

X 20 Zone of choice. For hermit P1. Along the entire square is covered with 3-edged sectional prisms (geometrically model). All of them have different heights and can "breath" ("pull", "push", "click", etc.) under the visitor's feet. Some of them are made of ice water.

19 Descending tunnel (100 m) carved into the rocks and with a eight-against platforms on "volley-parade" of birds (or a living ones, however the visitor cannot see the platform or even feel it, because it "floats" in a buoy and has limits not



HANDWRITTEN
REVIEW
IN RUSSIAN
BY
LEV NUSLEBEN



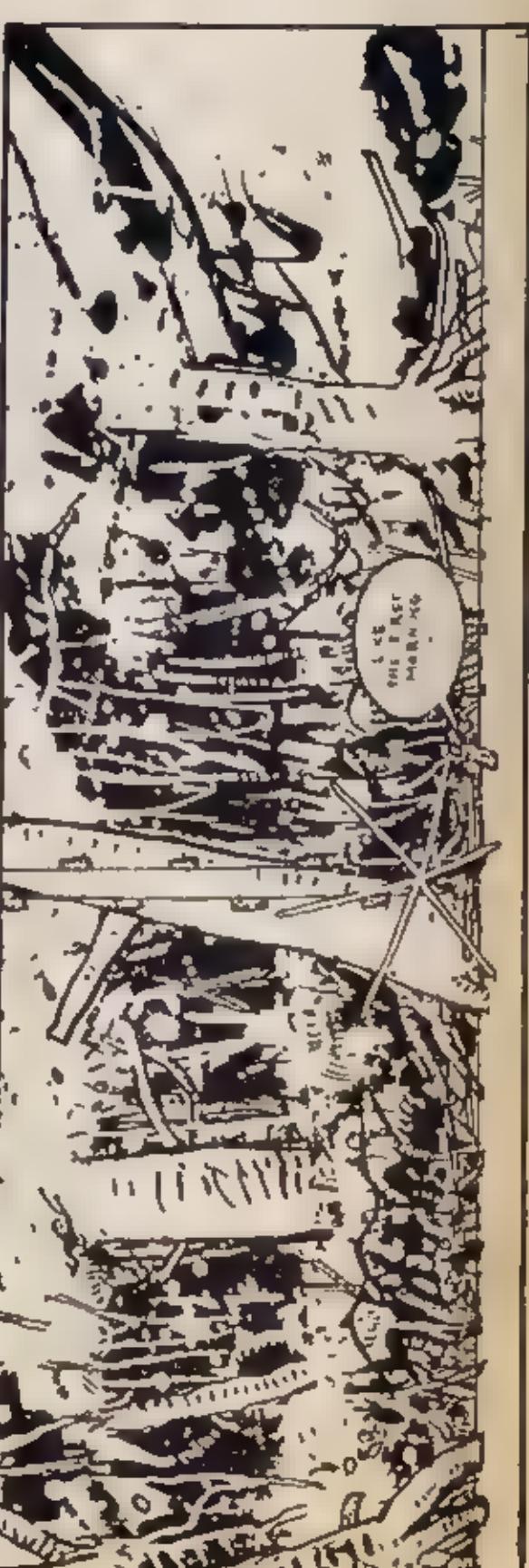
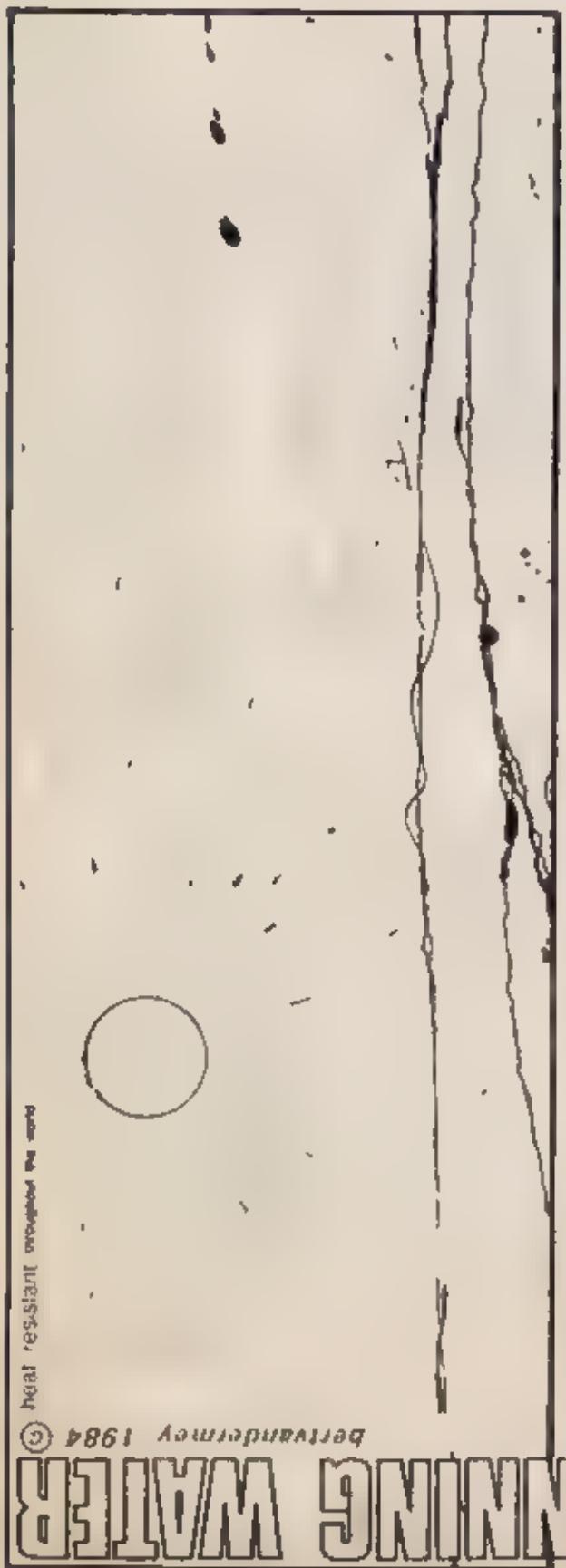
RUNNING WATER

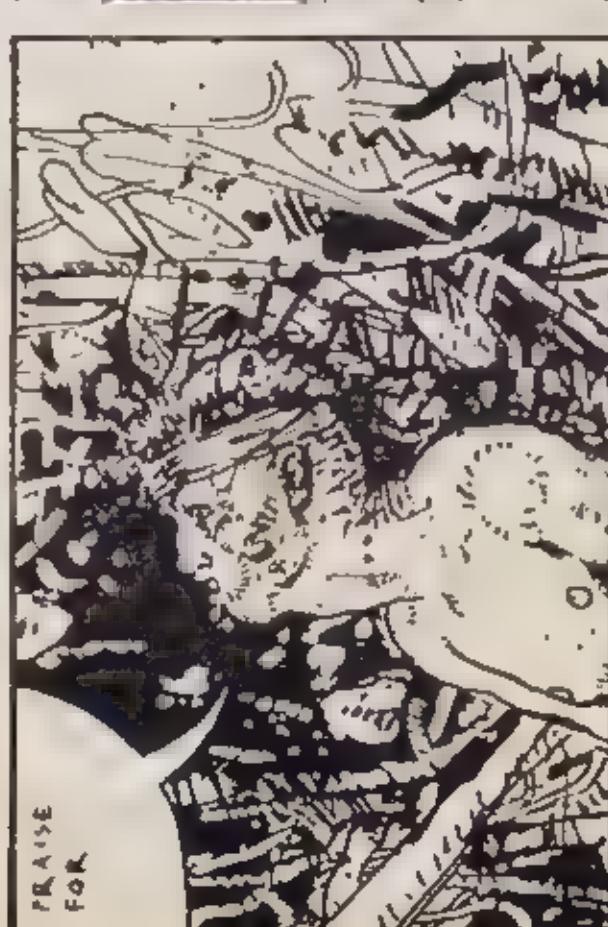
BERT VAN DER MEIJ

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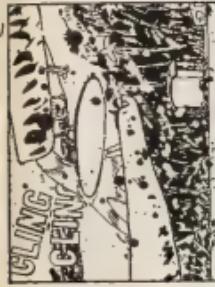


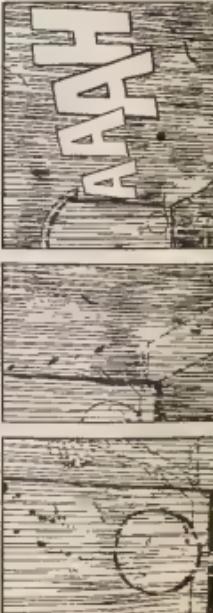
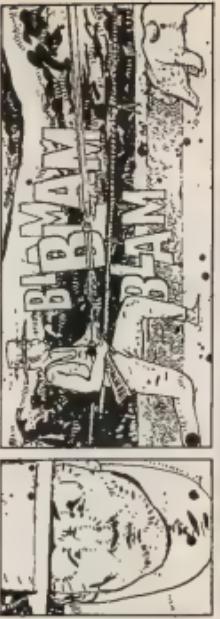
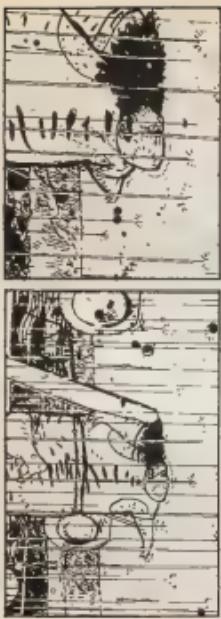
(handle this story as the Playboy-centerfold.)

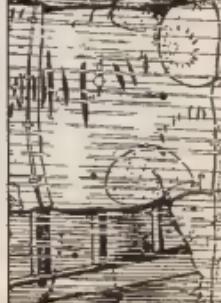
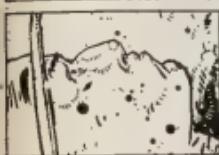














Computer Mutant

Working off his Mac terminal in a style perhaps best described as "Computer Mutant," Canadian John Hersey is an artist for the New Age. A strange array of creatures rolls off his table-top printer: spear-wielding demons, dogs, strange geometric beings. A native of Calgary, John was raised in Vancouver, whose vast wilderness he still loves and misses. His mother was a proto-potthead so to speak, a jazz pianist who got high in the 50's with touring bands from San Francisco and Los Angeles. "She was creative support," John says. John had numerous arguments with his father, an American businessman. "I grew up disliking America," John says, though he also maintains that Canada and the U.S. are culturally very similar.

Although his youthful aspirations were towards surfhood, he started keeping a sketchbook in the seventh grade. Later, he studied commercial art, first in Vancouver, then afterward in Pasadena. These bouts of schooling were interrupted by rounds of construction work (to finance the schooling) and a year of travel in Western Europe and Asia. Moving to east L.A. in 1978, John attended the Art Center in Pasadena, where he met (and later married) Valerie, who was also studying art.

Dropping out of school in the fifth semester, John went to work in an art store. When the couple moved back to Vancouver in 1982, John, supported by Valerie, started to get work as an illustrator. He joined a printing cooperative, did poster printing, picture framing, and, finally, magazine illustrations. "Just trying to hustle anything I could get," John says. His first show, of silk screen prints (he had taught himself silkscreening), took place in Vancouver at the Fitch Gallery in 1982.

Finally, the couple moved to San Francisco in late 1983 for economic reasons. John soon discovered that many of the magazines in San Francisco were computer-related. These became - if you forgive the term - his primary users. In early 1984, he was already working for *PC World*, *Macworld*, *Microcommunications*, and others (he has also worked, and still does, for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, *Starfire Magazine*, *Mother Jones*, and *The Bay Guardian*). When Apple put out its Mac computer in January 1984, the Associate Art Director of *Macworld* gave seminars instructing artists how to use the Mac for drawing.

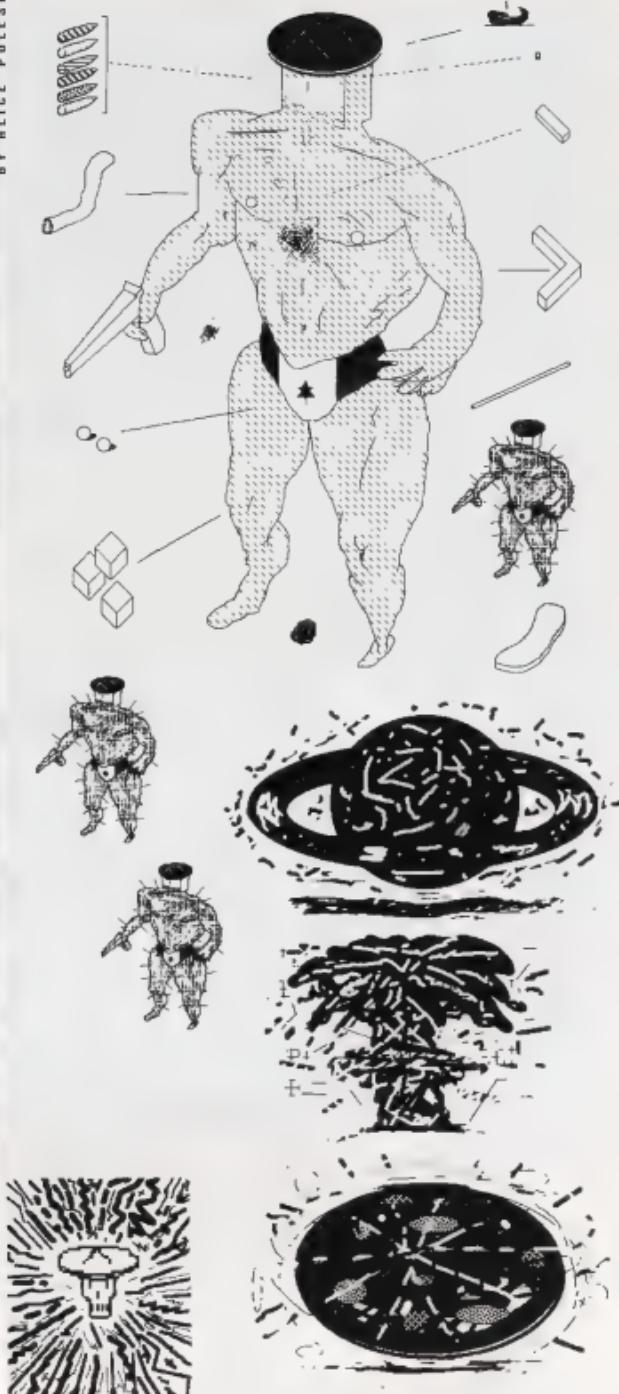
John, who had never used a computer, was hooked. Part of the Mac's appeal was doubtless due to his love for schematics, isometric drawing. "It's a synthetic cubist's dream," John says of the Mac. He admires the works of Leger and Duchamp. Another favorite is Picasso, whose enormous creative talent and energy continually drove him to seek out new media. "He would flip over this thing," says John, indicating his Mac terminal.

John gets plenty of opportunity to play with schematics for his *Macworld* illustrations, since these are required for the magazine's style ("I did them technical cartoons," says John). Using his Mac, he makes overlays, separate drawings that then combine into one picture. Beside the little terminal sits a small table-top printer which prints on most kinds of paper and, by means of cartridges, in up to eight colors.

"These overlays are just the beginning, the first steps for collages, silk screens, anything. I like to use the schematics to build sculptures, too, since theoretically you can build what you draw schematically." Another ambition is to make art, to use the computer to generate stylized cartoons ("like early Popeye - beautiful, amazing").

Some day in the very near future, John will liberate these PSC land creatures from their screen locks out!

BY ALICE POLESKY



JOHN HERSEY



WOODCUT BY CARLOS ELERENA AGUIRRE



SCOTT WILLIAMS

"Art does not pay its victims. It does not even know them."

(Marco Tassanini, Italian engineer 1952-1981.)

Sense *isolated* artists are exiled in their own country: poets, painters, musicians and others who happen to work in an *uncommercial* style. Things like that happen behind the Berlin Wall, we all know that. But they also occur in the United States.

Ask Scott Williams, an almost thirty-year-old native California painter, what he thinks of the American Dream. He'll probably laugh. Although he has spent most of his life painting and drawing in his unique artistic style, and has shown in many avant-garde exhibitions, he can only afford to maintain a bare minimum of clothes and a small amount of art supplies. Eating is limited to junk food. There is not even money for a modest hotel room, let alone a studio — he usually depends on family and friends for a place to work and sleep.

Why doesn't he take a job, you ask? Why didn't he move to New York or Los Angeles? He regularly joins you, right as well as. For Scott these are nearly-forgotten academic questions which he answered long ago. He just paints and draws every day, from the time he wakes up till he falls asleep, with short interruptions for such inevitable distractions as replenishing his palette or filling his stomach with black coffee and quick snacks.

The main reason it is so hard for Scott to make a decent living, despite his extraordinary dedication, is that his art does not depict beauty, health and happiness, but ugliness, decay and frustration. In other words, the darker side of America, the existence of which many people would rather ignore altogether.

Nevertheless, whenever art critics review his work, they have nothing but praise. In the summer of 1982, Alice Tilbourn wrote in San Francisco's City Arts magazine: "Williams digs into the picture surface to represent the decay that is the end of the picture process and of the thing pictured... He deals with decay and

revitalization in an essential way, and integrates knowledge of that cycle as inspiration for his paintings." And in February of 1982, the late-great San Francisco art critic Thomas Albright singled Scott's work out in a review of a show which included many other artists: "Such raw energy and bitter slyness are not negligible attributes in the art world these days," Albright wrote in the *San Francisco Chronicle* after seeing Scott's disturbing "bird-people" paintings.

Describing Scott comes easy to me since he looks much like the cartoonish creatures so often depicted in his art. He is half-evil skinned, his skin is pink, and he walks with halting but large strides. He has dark hair which is purposefully neglected, and his features are angular and bony. With his dark-rimmed glasses he resembles a bit of Stubby Kelly. He likes fluorescent colors, punk rock, skeletons and other symbols of death, great quantities of strong black coffee, and usually carries around a tattered Philip K. Dick science fiction paperback.

He also likes to leave his mark in unusual places. I recall him telling me a few years ago that he was beaten up by a bouncer in a busy North Beach bar for doing some unsolicited spray painting on a bathroom wall, after which he was lifted up by his jacket lapels and used as a "human rag" to wipe out his artwork. Recently Scott encouraged me to ride the Santa Monica and Venice buses to see his latest series of "bird-people" drawings on the backs of the seats.

When I first met him at a party of the San Francisco Art Institute about 4 years ago, he had just moved into the Goodman Building on Geary and Van Ness in San Francisco. It was almost too good to be true. A large building inhabited and managed by artists, where the rent was less than \$100 a month for a live-in studio with the use of a communal kitchen, bathrooms and shower. Downstairs several storefront galleries, a staircase lead to the front door, a small theater, and a graphic workshop, all managed by the tenants. It was also conveniently located in the heart of the City, close to the Museum of Modern Art, public transportation, and Folk Street's cheap restaurants. It was a place where good things could be done with very little money. Artists and art students could experiment and test their skills for a small but supportive audience. And it was encouraging to see the showcases proudly displaying a long list of famous former tenants (among them Zeal Jeplin) who once found refuge there before the going was good.

Soon after moving in, Scott started to have regular exhibitions in the Haight and Mission districts.

Opening receptions were always crowded out, but of all, he sold just enough to private art collectors to pay the rent and keep his head above water. But in July of 1983, he and all the other inhabitants of the Goodman Building were evicted.

The building was sold by the City's own urban renewal agency to a private developer who will likely make high-priced condominiums out of it. And even if not, by evicting everyone without providing appropriate and immediate alternatives, the City effectively dispersed and eradicated the fragile art community that had thrived there. When the tenants left without a violent stand-off with the San Francisco police, Mayor Palant was quoted in the *San Francisco Chronicle* as saying: "The decision to leave peacefully and expeditiously will bring a dignified conclusion to issues that has troubled San Francisco for ten years." And that was the end of it.

Nothing was done. Some poor people became homeless. A unique art community, one that took responsibility for its own functioning, was gone forever, and with it a fertile breeding ground for new artistic talent. Not only that, the City also effectively and "expeditiously" exiled a great young painter.

After his eviction, Scott lived for a while with his sister in Los Angeles' San Fernando Valley, and at the time of this writing has just moved back to the place where he grew up, Sausalito, where he now paints in this mother's garage. It's not likely that he'll ever stop doing art what he has to do. Two members of a local motorcycle gang here had their conspicuous vehicles and helmets "dare over" by Scott already.

BY MARCUS SUSAN

BEWARE OF



ROBOT DOG



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EMIGRE



WOODCUT BY CARLOS LLERENA AGUIRRE



"Art does not pay its victims. It does not even know them."

(Marco Tassanico, Review *mag-objet* 1992-94)

Some talented artists are exiled in their own country: painters, musicians and others who happen to work in an underground style. Things like that happen behind the Berlin Wall, we all know. But they also occur in the United States.

Ask Scott Williams, an almost thirty-year-old native California painter, what he thinks of the American Dream. He'll probably laugh. Although he has spent most of his life painting and drawing in his unique industrial style, and has shown in many avant-garde exhibitions, he can only afford to maintain a bare minimum of clothes and a small amount of art supplies. Eating is limited to junk food. There is not even money for a modest hotel room, let alone a studio — he usually depends on family and friends for a place to work and sleep.

Why doesn't he take a job, you ask. Why didn't Ken Finkleman, Van Gogh or Goya have regular jobs, you might as well ask. For Scott these are nearly-forgotten academic questions: while he画ed long, long ago. He just paints and draws every day, from the time he wakes up till he falls asleep, with short interruptions for such inevitable disruptions as replenishing his palette or filling his stomach with black coffee and quick snacks.

The main reason it is so hard for Scott to make a decent living, despite his extraordinary dedication, is that his art does not depict beauty, health and happiness, but ugliness, decay and frustration. In other words, the darker side of America, the existence of which many people would rather ignore altogether.

Nevertheless, whenever art critics review his work, they have nothing but praise. In the summer of 1982, Alice Ehlers wrote in San Francisco's City Arts magazine: "Williams digs into the picture surface to represent the decay that is the end of the picture process and of the thing pictured... He deals with decay and

restitution in an essential way, and integrates knowledge of that cycle as inspiration for his paintings." And in February of 1982, the late-great San Francisco art critic Thomas Albright Siegled Scott's work out in a review of a show which included many other artists. "Such raw energy and blunt sincerity are not negligible attributes in the art world these days," Albright wrote in the San Francisco Chronicle after seeing Scott's disturbing "bird-people" paintings.

Describing Scott comes easy to me since he looks much like the cartoonish characters so often depicted in his art. He is tall and skinny, his skin is pale, and he walks with heelbeat but long strides. He has dark hair which is perpetually neglected, and his features are angular and bony. With his dark-rimmed glasses he resembles a bit of Buddy Holly. He likes fluorescent colors, park rock, skeletons and other symbols of death, great quantities of strong black coffee, and usually carries around a tattered Philip K. Dick science fiction paperback.

He also likes to leave his mark in unusual places. I recall him telling me a few years ago that he was beaten up by a bouncer in a busy North Beach bar for doing some unsolicited spray painting on a bathroom wall, after which he was lifted up by his jacket lapels and used as a "human rug" to wipe out his artwork. Recently Scott encouraged me to ride the Santa Monica and Venice buses to see his latest series of "bird-people" drawings on the backs of the seats.

When I first met him at a party of the San Francisco Art Institute about 4 years ago, he had just moved into the Goodman Building on Geary and Van Ness in San Francisco. It was almost too good to be true. A large building inhabited and managed by artists, where the rent was less than \$100 a month for a live-in studio with the use of a communal kitchen, bathroom and shower. Downstairs several storefront galleries, a showcase next to the food deer, a small theater, and a graphic workshop, all run by the tenants. It was also conveniently located in the heart of the City, close to the Museums of Modern Art, public transportation, and Polk Street's cheap restaurants. It was a place where good things could be done with very little money: artists and art students could experiment and test their skills for a small but supportive audience. And it was encouraging to see the showcase proudly displaying a long list of famous former residents (among them Janis Joplin) who once found refuge there before the going was good.

Soon after moving in, Scott started to have regular exhibitions in the Height and Milton districts. Opening receptions were always crowded and, best of all, he sold just enough to private art collectors to pay the rent and keep his head above water. But in July of 1983, he and all the other inhabitants of the Goodman Building were evicted.

The building was sold by the City's own urban renewal agency to a private developer who will likely make high-priced condominiums out of it. And even if not, by evicting everyone without providing appropriate and immediate alternatives, the City effectively dispersed and eradicated the fragile art community that had thrived there. When the tenants left without a violent stand-off with the San Francisco police, Meyer Feinstein was quoted in the San Francisco Chronicle as saying: "The decision to leave peacefully and expeditiously will bring to a dignified conclusion an issue that has troubled San Francisco for ten years." And that was the end of it.

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After his eviction, Scott lived for a while with his sister in Los Angeles' San Fernando Valley, and at the time of this writing has just moved back to the place where he grew up, Santa Barbara, where he now paints in his mother's garage. It's not likely that he'll ever stop doing art when he has to do. Two members of a local motorcycle gang have had their conspicuous vehicles and helmets "diana ever" by Scott already.

BY MARC SUSAN

BEWARE OF



ROBOT DOG



WOODCUT BY CARLOS LLERENA AGUIRRE



"Art does not pay its victims. It does not even know them."

(Herman Tsuchiya, *Success magazine* 1972-1947.)

Some talented artists are exiled in their own country: poets, painters, musicians and others who happen to work in an unconventional style. Things like that happen behind the Berlin Wall, we all know that. But they also occur in the United States.

Ask Scott Willigene, an almost thirty-year-old native California painter, what he thinks of the American Dream. He'll probably laugh. Although he has spent most of his life painting and drawing in his unique artistic style, and has shown in many avant-garde exhibitions, he can only afford to maintain a bare minimum of clothes and a small amount of art supplies. Eating is limited to junk food. There is not even money for a modest hotel room, let alone a studio — he usually depends on family and friends for a place to work and sleep.

Why doesn't he take a job, you ask. Why didn't Beuys, Van Gogh or Gauguin have regular jobs, you might as well ask. For Scott these are nearly-forgotten academic questions which he answered long, long ago. He just paints and draws every day, from the time he wakes up till he falls asleep, with short interruptions for such inevitable distractions as replenishing his palette or filling his stomach with black coffee and quick snacks.

The main reason it is so hard for Scott to make a decent living, despite his extraordinary dedication, is that his art does not depict beauty, health or happiness, but ugliness, decay and frustration. In other words, the darker side of America, the existence of which many people would rather ignore altogether.

Nevertheless, whenever art critics review his work, they have nothing but praise. In the summer of 1983, Alice Ehlers wrote in San Francisco's City Arts magazine: "Willigene digs into the picture surface to represent the decay that is the end of the picture process and of the thing pictured ... He deals with decay and

revitalization in an essential way, and integrates knowledge of that cycle as inspiration for his paintings." And in February of 1982, the late-great San Francisco art critic Thomas Albright singled Scott's work out in a review of a show which included many other artists: "Such raw energy and blunt clarity are not negligible attributes in the art world these days," Albright wrote in the *San Francisco Chronicle* after seeing Scott's disturbing "bird-people" paintings.

Describing Scott comes easy to me since he looks much like the gargoyle creatures so often depicted in his art. He is tall and skinny, his skin is pale, and he walks with hastiness but large strides. He has dark hair which is perpetually neglected, and his features are angular and bony. With his dark-rimmed glasses he resembles a bit of Buddy Holly. He likes fluorescent colors, pink neck, skeletons and other symbols of death, great quantities of strong black coffee, and usually carries around a tattered Philip K. Dick science fiction paperback.

He also likes to leave his work in unusual places. I recall him telling me a few years ago that he was beaten up by a bouncer in a busy North Beach bar for doing some unsolicited spray painting on a bathroom wall, after which he was lifted up by his jacket legs and used as a "broom rag" to wipe out his artwork. Recently Scott encouraged me to ride the Santa Monica and Venice buses to see his latest series of "bird-people" drawings on the backs of the seats.

When I first met him at a party at the San Francisco Art Institute about 4 years ago, he had just moved into the Goodwin Building on Geary and Van Ness in San Francisco. It was almost too good to be true. A large building inhabited and managed by artists, where the rent was less than \$100 a month for a live-in studio with the use of a communal kitchen, bathroom and shower. Downstairs several storefront galleries, a showcase next to the front door, a small theater, and a graphic workshop, all managed by the tenants. It was also conveniently located in the heart of the City, close to the Museum of Modern Art, public transportation, and Polk Street's cheap restaurants. It was a place where good things could be done with very little money; artists and art students could experiment and test their skills for a small but supportive audience. And it was encouraging to see the showcase proudly displaying a long list of famous former tenants (among them Janis Joplin) who once found refuge there before the going was good.

Soon after moving in, Scott started to have regular exhibitions in the Haight and Mission districts. Opening receptions were always crowded and, best of all, he sold just enough to private art collectors to pay the rent and keep his head above water. But in July of 1983, he and all the other inhabitants of the Goodwin Building were evicted.

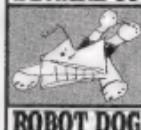
The building was sold by the City's own urban renewal agency to a private developer who will likely make high-priced condominiums out of it. And even if not, by evicting everyone without providing appropriate and immediate alternatives, the City effectively dispersed and eradicated the fragile art community that had thrived there. What the tenants left without a violent stand-off with the San Francisco police, Mayor Feinstein was quoted in the *San Francisco Chronicle* as saying: "The decision to leave peacefully and expeditiously will bring to a dignified conclusion an issue that has troubled San Francisco for ten years." And that was the end of it.

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After his eviction, Scott lived for a while with his sister in Los Angeles' San Fernando Valley, and at the time of this writing has just moved back to the place where he grew up, Sausalito, where he now paints in his mother's garage. It's not likely that he'll ever stop doing in art what he has to do. Two members of a local motorcycle gang have had their conspicuous vehicles and helmets "diced over" by Scott already.

BY MARCUS SUSA

BEWARE OF



ROBOT DOG

SCOTT WILLIGENE



WOODCUT BY CARLOS LLERENA AGUIRRE



"Art does not pay its victims. It does not even know them."

Лирическая концепция. Рассматриваемый период 1992-1998

Some talented artists are exiled in their own country: poets, painters, musicians and others who happen to work in an unconventional style. Things like that happen behind the Berlin Wall, we all know that. But they also occur in the United States.

Ask Scott Williams, an almost thirty-year-old native California painter, what he thinks of the American Green. He'll probably laugh. Although he has spent most of his life painting and drawing in his unique antifigurative style, and has shown in many avant-garde exhibitions, he can only afford to maintain a bare minimum of studios and a usual meager art supplies. Setting is limited to junk food. There is not even money for a modest hotel room, let alone a studio — he usually depends on family and friends for a place to work and sleep.

Why doesn't he have a job, you ask? Why didn't Kenderdine, Van Dogh or Gougen have regular jobs, you might as well ask. For Scott these are nearly-forgotten academic questions which he answered long, long ago. He just polishes and draws every day, from the time he wakes up till he falls asleep, with short interruptions for such inevitable distractions as replenishing his palette or filling his stomach with black coffee and potato chips.

The main reason it is as hard for Scott to make a decent living, despite his extraordinary dedication, is that his art does not depict beauty, health and happiness, but ugliness, decay and frustration. In other words, the darker side of America, the existence of which most Americans prefer to ignore.

Nevertheless, whatever art critics review his work, they have nothing but praise. In the summer of 1982, Alice Thibault wrote in San Francisco's City Arts magazine: "Williams digs into the picture surface to represent the decay that is the end of the picture process and of this whole mechanical... He deals with decay and

revitalization in an essential way, and integrates knowledge of that cycle as inspiration for his paintings." And in February of 1982, the late-great San Francisco art critic Theresa Albright singled Scott's work out in a review of *Shoah* which included many other artists. "Such new energy and blunt直率 is not negligible attributes in the art world these days," Albright wrote in the San Francisco Chronicle after seeing Scott's disturbing "bird-people" paintings.

Describing Scott comes easy to me since he looks much like the stereotype creation I often depicted in his art. He is tall and skinny, his skin is pale, and he walks with a lisp but large strides. He has dark hair which is perpetually neglected, and his features are angular and bony. With his dark-rimmed glasses he reminds me a bit of Buddy Holly. He likes fluorescent colors, punx rock, rollerblades and other symbols of death, great quantities of strong black coffee, and usually carries around a battered Philip K. Dick science fiction paperback.

He also likes to leave his mark in unusual places. I recall him telling us a few years ago that he was beaten up by a bouncer in a busy North Beach bar following some unsanctioned spray painting on a bathroom wall, which office he was filled up by his jacket lapels and used as a "broom rag" to wipe out his artwork. Recently Scott encouraged me to ride the Santa Monica and Venice lines to see his latest series of "sketches" on the exterior walls of the boats.

When I first met him at a party at the San Francisco Art Institute about 4 years ago, he had just moved into the Goodman Building on Kearny and Van Ness in San Francisco. It was almost too good to be true. A large studio was available and managed by artists, whose rent was less than \$100 a month for a large studio with the use of a communal kitchen, bathroom and shower. Downstairs several storefront galleries, a showroom next to the front door, a small theater, and a graphic workshop, all managed by the tenants. It was also conveniently located in the heart of the City, close to the Museum of Modern Art, public transportation, and Polk Street's cheap restaurants. It was a place where good things could be done with very little money; artists and art students could experiment and test their skills for a small but supportive audience. And it was encouraging to see the diverse proudly displaying a long list of famous former tenants (among them Janis Joplin) who once found refuge there before the going was good.

Soon after moving in, Scott started to have regular exhibitions in the Height and Mission districts. Opening receptions were always crowded and, best of all, he sold just enough to private art collectors to pay the rent and keep his head above water. But in July of 1982, he and all the other inhabitants of the Goodman Building were evicted.

The proposal was sold by the City's own urban renewal agency to a private developer who will likely make high-priced condominiums out of it. And even if it fails, by evicting everyone without providing appropriate and immediate alternatives, the City effectively dispersed and eradicated the fragile art community that had thrived there. When the tenants left without a violent stand-off with the San Francisco police, Mayor Feinstein was quoted in the San Francisco Chronicle as saying: "The decision to leave peacefully and expeditiously will bring a dignified conclusion on issues that have troubled San Francisco for ten years." And that was the end of it.

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After his conviction, Scott lived for a while with his sister in Los Angeles' San Fernando Valley, and at the time of this writing has just moved back to the place where he grew up, South Barham, where he now paints in this mother's garage. It's not likely that he'll ever stop doing in art what he has to do. Two members of a local motorcycle gang have had theirナンバープレート vehicles and helmets "done

B Y M A R C S U S A N

BEWARE OF



ROBOT DOG



WOODCUT BY CARLOS LLERENA AGUIRRE



"Art does not pay its victims. It does not even interest them."

©Илья Танакиево, Russian author, 1992-1994

Some talented artists are exiled in their own country: poets, painters, musicians and others who happen to work in an unconventional style. Things like that happen behind the Berlin Wall, we all know that. But they also occur in the United States.

Ask Scott Williams, an almost thirty-year-old native California painter, what he thinks of the American Dream. He'll probably laugh. Although he's spent most of his life painting and drawing in his unique antiformal style, and has shown in many avant-garde exhibitions, he can only afford to realize his dreams in terms of clothes and a small amount of art supplies. Living is limited to junk food. There is not even money for a modest hotel room, let alone a studio — he usually depends on family and friends for a place to work and sleep.

Why doesn't he take a job, you ask. Why didn't Rembrandt, Van Gogh or Goya ever have regular jobs, you might well ask. For Scott these are nearly-forgotten academic questions which he answered long, long ago. He just paints and draws every day, from the time he wakes up till he falls asleep, with short interruptions for such inevitable distractions as replacing his pen or filling his stomach with black coffee and crusty bread.

The main reason it is so hard for Scott to make a decent living, despite his extraordinary dedication, is that his art does not depict beauty, health and happiness, but ugliness, decay and frustration. In other words, the darker side of America, the existence of

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Describing Scott comes easy to me since he looks much like the caricature characters as often depicted in his art. He is tall and slender, his skin is pale, and he walks with longish but large strides. He has dark hair which is perpetually neglected, and his features are angular and bony. With his dark-rimmed glasses he reminds me a bit of Borsky Holly. He likes fluorescent colors, pink rock, skylines and other symbols of death, great quantities of strong black coffee, and usually carries around a battered Philip K. Dick science fiction paperback.

He also likes to leave his mark in unusual places. I recall him telling me a few years ago that he was beaten up by a bouncer in a busy North Beach bar for doing some unauthorized spray painting on a bathroom wall, after which he was lifted up by his jacket (again) and used as a "human rag" to wipe out his artwork. Recently Scott encouraged me to ride the BART Muni and Venise loves to see his latest series of "bird-people" drawings on the backs of the seats.

When I first met him at a party of the San Francisco Art Institute about 4 years ago, he had just moved into the Gowanus Building on Geary and Van Ness in San Francisco. It was almost his pride to be true. A large building inhabited and managed by artists, where the rent was less than \$300 a month for a 2 bedroom studio with the use of a communal kitchen, bathroom and showers. Downstairs several storefront galleries, a showcase next to the firewood, a small theater, and a graphic workshop, all managed by the tenants. It was also conveniently located in the heart of the City, close to the Museums of Modern Art, public transportation, and Folk Street's cheap restaurants. It was a place where good things could be done with very little money: artists and art students could experiment and test their skills for a rental but supportive audience. And it was encouraging to see the showcase proudly displaying a long list of famous former Tenants (among them Jenny Jagle) who once knew where they before the fame was good.

Soon after moving in, Scott started to have regular exhibitions in the Height and Mission districts. Opening receptions were always crowded out, best of all, he said just enough to private art collectors to pay the rent and keep his head above water. But in July of 1983, he and all the other inhabitants of the Goodman Building were evicted.

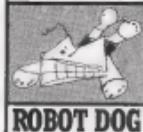
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Nothing was done. Some poor people became homeless. A unique art community, one that had responsibility for its own functioning, was gone forever, and with it a fertile breeding ground for new artistic talent. Not only that, the City also effectively and "expeditiously" killed a great young painter.

After his eviction, Scott lived for a while with his sister in Los Angeles' San Fernando Valley, and at the time of this writing has just moved back to the place where he grew up, Santa Barbara, where he now points in this mother's garage. It's not likely that her still ever stay long is the sort of house he has to do. Two members of a local motorcycle gang have had their conspicuous vehicles and helmets "dona over" by Scott already.

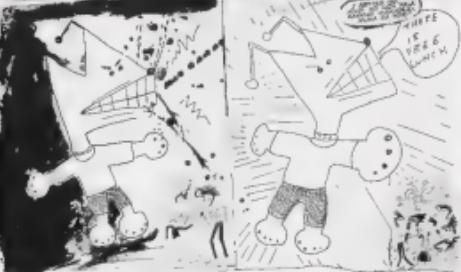
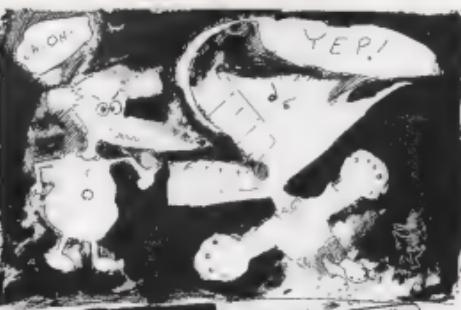
BY MARCUS HUSSAN

BEWARE OF





WOODCUT BY CARLOS LLERENA AGUIRRE



"Art does not pay its victims. It does not even know them."

(Homo Tostado, Review engraving 1992-746.)

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Describing Scott comes easy to me since his looks much like the cartoonish creatures so often depicted in his art. He is tall and skinny, his skin is pale, and he walks with confident but large strides. He has dark hair which is perpetually neglected, and his features are angular and bony. With his dark-rimmed glasses he reminds me a bit of Buddy Holly. He likes fluorescent colors, pants rock, skeletons and other symbols of death, great quantities of strong black coffee, and usually carries around a tattered Philip K. Dick science fiction paperback.

He also likes to leave his work in unusual places. I recall him telling me a few years ago that he was beaten up by a bouncer in a busy North Beach bar for doing some unsolicited spray painting on a bathroom wall, after which he was fined by his jacket logos and used as a "human rag" to wipe up his artwork. Recently Scott encouraged me to ride the Santa Monica and Venice buses to see his latest series of "bird-people" drawings on the backs of the seats.

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Soon after moving in, Scott started to have regular exhibitions in the Height and Mission districts. Opening receptions were always crowded and, best of all, he sold just enough to private art collectors to pay the rent and keep his head above water. But in July of 1983, he and all the other inhabitants of the Greenleaf Building were evicted.

The building was sold by the City's own urban renewal agency to a private developer who will likely make high-priced condominiums out of it. And even if not, by evicting everyone without providing appropriate and immediate alternatives, the City effectively dispersed and eradicated the fragile art community that had thrived there. When the tenants left without a violent stand-off with the San Francisco police, Meyer Feinstein was quoted in the San Francisco Chronicle as saying: "The decision to leave peacefully and expeditiously will bring to a dignified conclusion an issue that has troubled San Francisco for ten years." And that was the end of it.

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BY MARCUS SUSAN





CLLA



WOODCUT BY CARLOS LLERENA AGUIRRE



"Art does not pay its victims. It does not even know them." —Picasso Tintoretto, Review magazine 1892-1941

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Describing Scott comes easy to us since he looks much like the carnasy creatures so often depicted in his art. He is tall and skinny, his skin is pale, and he walks with head bent but long strides. He has dark hair which is perpetually neglected, and his features are angular and bony. With his dark-rimmed glasses he resembles a bit of Buddy Holly. He likes fluorescent colors, punk rock, skeletons and other symbols of death, great quantities of strong black coffee, and usually carries around a tattered Philip K. Dick science fiction paperback.

He also likes to leave his mark in unusual places. I recall him telling me a few years ago that he was beaten up by a bouncer in a busy North Beach bar for doing some unauthorized spray painting on a bathroom wall, after which he was lifted up by his jacket lapels and used as a "human rag" to swipe out his artwork. Recently Scott encouraged me to ride the Santa Monica and Venice buses to see his latest series of "bird-people" drawings on the backs of the seats.

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BY MARCUS SUSA

BEWARE OF



ROBOT DOG



WOODCUT BY CARLOS LLERENA AGUIRRE

SCOTT WILLIAMS



"Art does not pay its virtues. It does not even know them."

(Franco Zeffirelli, *Review magazine* 1972-73)

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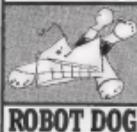
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BY MARCUS SUSAN

BEWARE OF



ROBOT DOG

I recently paid a visit to Captain Beefheart and came away thinking that perhaps there is some justice in life after all.

Though critical accolades have rained down on Don Van Vliet throughout his nearly two decades of work as a musician, the mass audience has always seemed to prefer his musical innovations only after they've been adapted and diluted by lesser artists. Numerous popular artists cite Van Vliet as a major source of inspiration, and his musical thumbprint is evident in works by artists ranging from Laurie Anderson and Patti to Tom Waits and Grandmaster Flash. Van Vliet brings a startlingly elastic approach to composition and rhythm, and his music carries rural-folk tales, free association, woodies, Dada and anthropological fantasy to a spectrum of sound that stretches from Charles Ives and Stravinsky to Delta blues, rock, and the natural sounds of the universe. And yet, Van Vliet's brilliance has never quite paid off at the box office. In fact, he spent the better part of the past decade living in a small, decidedly unsavory trailer in the Mojave Desert.

BY KRISTINE MCKENNA



Don van Vliet

A.K.A.
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART



Eleven years ago Van Vliet took a sabbatical to some land he chanced upon in Northern Arizona, and last December, after a decade of plotting and planning, he took up residence there. Based on a design by the legendary West Coast architectural team Greene & Greene, Van Vliet's new home is a beautiful, airy structure perched on a heavily wooded hillside that slopes down to a lake. The house includes many studio equipped with a grand piano, and Van Vliet spends the majority of his time there painting and composing. It seems exactly the way a great artist should be living midway through his career.

Van Vliet is presently preparing for an exhibit of his paintings in Manhattan, about which he laughs, "I want to express myself in New York." He was recently befriended by Julian Schellenbach, the great white hope of the New York painting establishment (and a powerfully, who purchased one of Van Vliet's paintings, sent him a gargoyle silk belt buckle to point it, then took his to his summer home in the Hamptons for a holiday. "Schellenbach called, I answered, and I like him," says Van Vliet of the friendship. "He's a very nice man, quite humorous, and he has a good perspective on his career."

Van Vliet is ready and waiting to record his next album for Virgin, but is without a recording contract in his hometown — a situation which is nothing short of a national disgrace. The croppiest television can be financed to the tune of millions, and nobody will pay for Beauforth to make a record! When his next record comes out, there's a good possibility he will tire, because, as he says, "I have a lot of friends out there. But Reggeconomics has made touring very difficult. I can't afford it anymore!" Van Vliet is also interested in periodic interviews with M.I.T. physicist Longdon Winzer, who is at work on a biography of Captain Beauforth.

Van Vliet was in high spirits the day we met, and is a candid and precious host who spent the afternoon dragging out prized possessions like a child sharing his favorite toys. Amongst items exhibited: his favorite shoes (black patent leather), a photograph of Albert Einstein (of whom Van Vliet says, "He's gotta be the coolest thing!"), and a black Yves Saint Laurent coat he bought in New York many years ago.

Critics have been noting the genius of Den Van Vliet as long as the reader's response is apt to be one of, "Yeah, we know already!" But again, I must say that Den Van Vliet is truly an extraordinary man. First, he is that rarest of creatures — a celebrity who's interested in discussing things other than himself. His frame of reference is dazzlingly diverse, and he resists mindboggling leaps in the sequence of his thought. He'll often say something odd and follow it with a comment that seems to have no connection to the subject under discussion. Five minutes or five days later, it will dawn on you that this "knocky" comment actually made perfect sense. He was just thinking a little faster, a little more imaginatively than you were. He is a superb storyteller, a great wit, and a well-read man with an impressive library.

Van Vliet is quite the cheerleader for authors he admires, and he has read most numerous books, insisting I must read them. Among his favorites: Ullian Hallman, Jean D'Orion, Raymond Chandler, A. J. Liebling ("He wrote this book about boxing called 'The Sweet Science' that is unbelievably good."); Wyndham Lewis and Ross Macdonald. Other things he loves include: the sun in Arles, France; Franz Kline; Ray Martin Cagney; Moustique; Pepe; Wilbur Newton oil prints ("They make this incredible art called 'Geronimo Light.'"); Suckertooth ("that cioè tuba with a bump on its back that looks like a water buffalo"); Albert Einstein; and his wife Joe. A beautiful and intelligent woman who obviously has a big hand in maintaining Van Vliet's equilibrium, Jon may the Captain when she was 18 and married him six weeks later. They've been together for 14 years and their marriage is a credit to the institution.

Van Vliet is as vociferous in his dislikes as he is in his pleasure, and among the things that annoy him are Walt Disney (for his cloying and paternalizing treatment of the animal kingdom and the way he uses Steinway's music in *Fantasia*), most popular music ("It's designed to hypnotize people, and that seems to be what they want — and that's why my music has never been popular"), and senior citizens behind the wheel of large recreational vehicles ("None of them have a driving license").

During my visit I happened to see some amazing photographs of Van Vliet as a child growing up in Glendale, California. Snapshots of the Van Vliet family gathered around the Christmas tree or a Thanksgiving turkey suggest that the Captain had an idyllic childhood, and the photos yielded no clue whatsoever as to how or why Van Vliet developed the profoundly original take on the universe that fuels his art. I was particularly struck by a photo of Van Vliet at age five, dressed up in a cowboy costume, waving a toy pistol in the air and staring into the camera with the same open, fearless, intensely curious gaze he has today. From the start he was obviously a boy with a place 43 years on and he hasn't betrayed it. Herewith, a few Den mots ...

A DAY IN THE LIFE

I paint every day. Painting is a color straightjacket, and I look forward to putting on it in the morning. I find painting more pleasurable than music, although God, I love music. I've been listening to a lot of Beethoven lately. I still compose all the time and just write what I think is the best thing I've ever done. I work on my paintings, and while the paint is drying, I'll write a song. I usually don't go to bed until around 4:30 in the morning, and then I get up at 5:30 because I like to see the sun and the moon together in the sky. Genuinely I eat breakfast ... I could find a river if I wanted to now and just drink that. I've been to a lot of places, but I always seem to go to Lake Louise. Hopkins said, "they're going like a turkey in a store." Oh, they're going like a turkey in a store, but the racing is happening now and town has become a center of going into yourself. We can live inside and they can't do anything about that! Occasionally, like a boxer coming out of his hole, I go somewhere for provisions. I always keep it! I make it back because I don't really like to drive. Well, I could see a barter out of the corner of my eye and drift right off the road! So, I spend my time reading, painting, writing, and I'm not too serious ... that's about it, either than that and I dance.

OH BABY AMERICAN

Throughout my career I've tried to be an American, but the America I think about isn't popular like the America that politicians and other stupid people in high places try to sell. Still, I can't think of a better place to live. I mean, the fake free-

dom is nice. No, I'm just kidding ... we do have more freedom than many countries have, but it's still fake. Gravity's the master, and every time I look in the mirror and see that flesh growing off that ball I'm reminded of that. My eyes look like sunflowers, seeds that don't quite come off. Either that, or a real irresponsible mad mad man up the pillar.

SHREKING TEE

[Dow intones that I hear a recording of "I'll Be Home for Christmas" by the likes, while I'm listening to a series of dirndl CDs, and then he turns to his friend for a holiday. "Schubert" called, I answered, and I like him," says Van Vliet of the friendship. "He's a very nice man, quite humorous, and he has a good perspective on his career."

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Van Vliet was in high spirits the day we met, and is a candid and precious host who spent the afternoon dragging out prized possessions like a child sharing his favorite toys. Amongst items exhibited: his favorite shoes (black patent leather), a photograph of Albert Einstein (of whom Van Vliet says, "He's gotta be the coolest thing!"), and a black Yves Saint Laurent coat he bought in New York many years ago.

Critics have been noting the genius of Den Van Vliet as long as the reader's response is apt to be one of, "Yeah, we know already!" But again, I must say that Den Van Vliet is truly an extraordinary man. First, he is that rarest of creatures — a celebrity who's interested in discussing things other than himself. His frame of reference is dazzlingly diverse, and he resists mindboggling leaps in the sequence of his thought. He'll often say something odd and follow it with a comment that seems to have no connection to the subject under discussion. Five minutes or five days later, it will dawn on you that this "knocky" comment actually made perfect sense. He was just thinking a little faster, a little more imaginatively than you were. He is a superb storyteller, a great wit, and a well-read man with an impressive library.

Van Vliet is quite the cheerleader for authors he admires, and he has read most numerous books, insisting I must read them. Among his favorites: Ullian Hallman, Jean D'Orion, Raymond Chandler, A. J. Liebling ("He wrote this book about boxing called 'The Sweet Science' that is unbelievably good."); Wyndham Lewis and Ross Macdonald. Other things he loves include: the sun in Arles, France; Franz Kline; Ray Martin Cagney; Moustique; Pepe; Wilbur Newton oil prints ("They make this incredible art called 'Geronimo Light.'"); Suckertooth ("that cioè tuba with a bump on its back that looks like a water buffalo"); Albert Einstein; and his wife Joe. A beautiful and intelligent woman who obviously has a big hand in maintaining Van Vliet's equilibrium, Jon may the Captain when she was 18 and married him six weeks later. They've been together for 14 years and their marriage is a credit to the institution.

Van Vliet is as vociferous in his dislikes as he is in his pleasure, and among the things that annoy him are Walt Disney (for his cloying and paternalizing treatment of the animal kingdom and the way he uses Steinway's music in *Fantasia*), most popular music ("It's designed to hypnotize people, and that seems to be what they want — and that's why my music has never been popular"), and senior citizens behind the wheel of large recreational vehicles ("None of them have a driving license").

During my visit I happened to see some amazing photographs of Van Vliet as a child growing up in Glendale, California. Snapshots of the Van Vliet family gathered around the Christmas tree or a Thanksgiving turkey suggest that the Captain had an idyllic childhood, and the photos yielded no clue whatsoever as to how or why Van Vliet developed the profoundly original take on the universe that fuels his art. I was particularly struck by a photo of Van Vliet at age five, dressed up in a cowboy costume, waving a toy pistol in the air and staring into the camera with the same open, fearless, intensely curious gaze he has today. From the start he was obviously a boy with a place 43 years on and he hasn't betrayed it. Herewith, a few Den mots ...

get an acmeal pair in green for Art Tropp [Norman pernickstein with the Magic Band]. During the show that night I started telling the audience about these wonderful original shoes I'd gotten that day, and Art comes out and says, "Hanninen ... your shoes are just like mine." The salesman told me they were original?" So I said, "Did you get yours at the Pastel Pond?" We did this whole bit. I recently talked to Art's a chiropractor now, and I presented on one of my shows that he would eventually become a chiropractor. He was a great man.

TEASER

Ragan has had a dire effect on me, and I hate to think of what four more years of him might do to us! "We're doing these things 13 days. I need to go back to Duke Ellington and people like that. One of the last things I did in New York and I sang after the show was 'I'm a Man' and I sang it in a very good voice. I'm a man! I know how to make sad songs anymore. They all just sound like vampires now. Songs break my heart instead of my heart these days."

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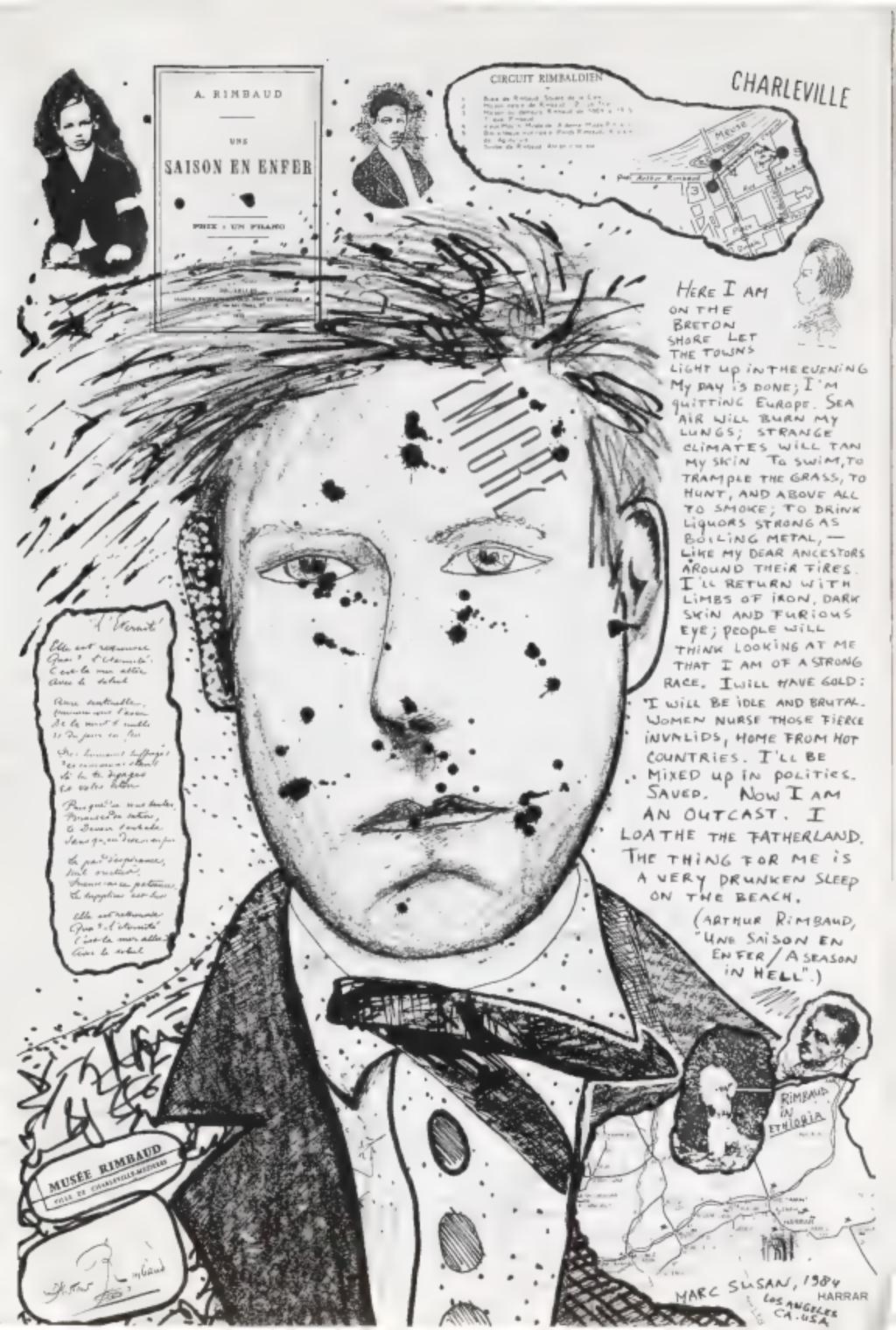
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DUKE ELLINGTON

You don't play jazz in a bar



So Cal

*Here if anywhere else in America, I seem to hear
the coming voices of the Muses.*

W.B. YEATS

Those who came from places
that produced corn, wheat, butter & eggs
to a place that produces celluloid images, computer chips,
drive-in taco stands & aerospace components
have never stopped wondering, "What am
I doing here?" They believe some destiny awaits the place.
They believe this because somebody told them so.
It's a belief that's really a lot more like a feeling.
They can't remember who it was that sold them
all those neon poems
you hear echoing through this cathedral of empty
headed intentions they call home. The only false
note here is my referring to them as "they."



ODD SHOTS.



Oddshots

Since

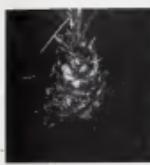
9

These are photographs that were left over after all others were used;
Photographs that never fitted the "series". I always had to produce series (or so I believed) in order to get a statement across. I wanted to document California, my new homeland. I knew what to photograph. I was practically brought up on American television series and had a totally preconceived idea of California. But I had to do it in a series. One good shot was not enough. You need at least 5 or 8 or 10 strongly related images to get ~~the~~ ^{the} idea across or to prove that you knew what you were doing. So series it was. ~~excuse~~ ^{excuse} prove
Now, looking back at these oddshots, I would say they're okay, they get the point across. But the stuff that still ~~annoys~~ ^{annoys} me, after 3 years, are these oddshots. These ~~oddshots~~ photographs ~~were~~ happened mostly by accident; unintentional, they are missed shots, or shots I made while winding the camera after putting in a new film. Great shots, but they never seemed to fit the series I was working on. Although for some reason these are the shots that seem to be the most honest, original and direct ~~representations~~ ^{representations} of California in America. I decided the ~~time~~ ^{time} had come to ~~present~~ ^{present} a ~~false~~ ^{false} slightly manipulated, randomly deranged and knitted together in order to create one ~~whole~~ ^{whole} series.

series

? integral Yet
honest and
honest expression
of my response
to California/America





ter 2. officer of the day 4. olive
drab. 5. overdraft. 6. overdrawn.
odd (ôd), *adj.* 1. differing in nature
from what is ordinary. 2. peculiar
in an eccentric way. 3. leaving a re-
mainder of 1 when divided by 2. 4.
close to or little more than 300-*odd*
dollars. 5. being one of a pair or set:
an odd shoe. 6. left over after all
others are used. 7. occasional or
various: *odd jobs*. —*oddly*, *adv.* —
oddness, *n.* —*Syn.* 1. extraordinary,
strange, unusual.
odd-ball (ôd'bôl'). *Slang* —



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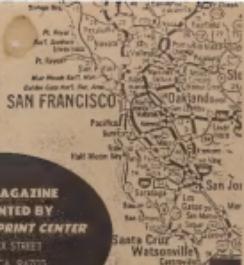
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ЭМПАНИПАТГР

2

LEONID LAMM

"PLAY, YOU GOT YOUR MONEY"



ILLUSTRATION FOR DOSTOEVSKY'S
"NOTES FROM THE DEAD HOUSE"
LITHOGRAPH 1978
COLLECTION OF DOSTOEVSKY
MUSEUM IN MOSCOW
AND LENINGRAD